Ah valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is ſlaine.
Edw. Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, that Plantagenet
Which held thee deere: I, euen as his ſoules redemption,
Is by the ſterne Lord Clifford, done to death.
War. Ten dayes ago I drown'd thoſe newes in teares,
And now to adde more meaſure to your woes:
I come to tell you newes ſince then befalne.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue father breath'd his lateſt gaſpe,
Tydings as ſwiftly as the poſt could runne,
Was brought me of your loſſe, and his departure.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muſtred my ſoldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And very well appointed as I thought,
Marcht to S. Albons to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along.
For by my ſcouts I was aduertiſed,
That ſhe was comming, with a full intent
To daſh your late decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henries heires, and your ſucceſſion.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met,
Our battailes ioyn'd, and both ſides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldneſſe of the King,
(He look'd full gently on his warlike Queene)
That rob'd my ſouldiers of their heated ſpleene.
Or whether 'twas report of his ſucceſſe,
Or more then common feare of Cliffords rigour,
Who thunders to his Captaines blood and death,
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.
Our ſouldiers, like the Night-Owles lazy flight,
Or like an ydle Threſher with a flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they ſmote their friends.
I cheer'd them vp with iuſtice of the cauſe,
With promiſe of hye pay, and great rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no hearts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the day.

So that we fled. The King
Lord George your brother,
In haſt, poſte haſt, are come
For in the marches heere we
Making another head to fig
Edw. Thankes gentle *Wa*
How farre hence is the Duk
And when came George fr
War. Some fiue miles off t
But as for your brother, he
From your kinde Aunt, Dut
With aide of ſouldiers 'gain
Rich. Twas ods belike, w
Oft haue I heard thy praiſes
But nere till now thy ſcanda
War. Nor now my ſcanda
For thou ſhalt know that thi
Can plucke the Diadem fro
And wring the awefull Scep
Were he as famous and as bo
As he is fam'd for mildeneſſe
Rich. I know it well Lord
Twas loue I bare thy glories
But in this troublous time, w
Shall we go throw away our
And clad our bodies in black
Numbring our *Auemaries* wi
Or ſhall we on the helmets o
Tell our deuotion with reuen
If for the laſt, ſay I, and to it
War. Why therefore *Warw*
And therefore comes my bro
Attend me Lords, the proud
With Clifford, and the haugh
And of their feather many mo
Haue wrought the eaſie melti
He ſware conſent to your ſuc

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